

TREASON OF A FEATHER.

With hidden noose and tangle set,
Stood Cupid in the clover
Along the sea to lure and trap
A duckling flying over!
The snare was sprung—when Cupid freed
The quarry from his noose,
He found that he had baited for
A duck—and caught a goose!

Dear Cupid, for a lover's charm,
Upon my lady's bonnet
Did fix a feather of that bird,
And set his seal upon it;
I called my lady "dove" and "duck"—
The matrimonial noose
I wound about her heart—and then
I found I caught a goose!



The Second Half

To lounge dejectedly in his chair, gazing pensively at the mantelpiece, had become one of Bob's daily occupations. Perhaps the white letters, WELLESLEY, standing out conspicuously on a pennant in the center had fascinated him. Perhaps the mere knowledge that she had given it to him made Fate seem less cruel.

Be that as it may, the Wellesley pennant held the place of honor in the room, the spot wherein the football player's heart had hitherto stood.

A long row of pretty faces reaching across the wall told their own story of a brief reign. And now, where each in turn had stood, hung an inanimate pennant.

Tom was rudely recalled from dreamland by a knock at the door.

"Come in!" he shouted, inhospitably and without looking around.

"What's up, Bob?" inquired Ned Summers, entering the room in football attire. "Why are you moaning around here? The fellows are waiting."

He glanced about the room for some explanation of Bob's evident mental disturbance.

"Hang football," was the uncivil response.

Ned vented his feelings by a whistle of surprise. After a minute he laid a hand on Bob's shoulder.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he asked. "Do you want those fellows to wipe us off the face of the earth on Saturday? One might think so from the way you've played this fall. I'd suggest that you were in love, but—hello!"

His eye fell on the pennant on the mantel. "Where's her picture? Who is it now?"

"That's the question—where is it? She didn't give me one."

Bob's dejected air was so unusual as to cause Ned to look curiously at him.

"I say, Bob, is your brain affected?" he asked, half seriously.

"No; I tell you, Ned, it's my heart. I'm hard hit."

"Why don't you tell her?"

"Why don't you ride to the moon in an auto?" Evidently there were rough spots in Bob's temper.

"Come, Bob, what's it all about?" Ned's expression was one of bewilderment.

"I tell you, she won't listen to me. I met her at Green Lake in August. She spent the summer there with her mother, and on the afternoon of the night she was to leave I tried to tell her all about it, only to become entangled in one of those sarcastic conversations which ended in a quarrel. To cool off I went out for a turn in

rected Bob, impatiently. "When I finally reached the hotel, several hours later, she was gone, but not without a parting shot at me in a note. She said a lot of things about people losing their tempers and all that rot, and



"If it is so easily won, Bob," she said, of how a real gentleman would have apologized for what I had said. You see, she thought it was intentional—my going out on the lake and remaining until she was gone."

Bob's eyes sought the pennant again.

"But why don't you write to her? She'll listen to reason." Ned was beginning to show signs of sympathy.

"I did, and I'm waiting yet for the answer."

"And the pennant—how about that?"

"Oh, she gave that to me—before. It's all I have of hers."

"Do you realize that you haven't enlightened me as to who 'her' is?"

"She's Lourene Richmond. Lives in Corning."

It was Bob's own fault that he did not detect the shaft of surprise that shot across his friend's face.

"Well, it's pretty tough, old man, but this won't win our game for us. Come, we must practice. A bump or two on the gridiron will shake all sentiment out of you. We must do those fellows Saturday."

A few minutes later, when they stepped into the street, together, Ned ran on ahead and disappeared around the corner, ostensibly to telephone to a friend.

But the telephone message was written on a telegraph blank and read: "Miss Gladys Irving, Corning, New York. Arrange to come to game Saturday and bring Lourene without fail."

"Ned."

Expressions of mingled surprise and disappointment were plainly visible on many faces in the crowded stand. Terbell, the halfback, had fumbled every ball in the first half. He was not playing in his usual form.

When "time" was called, Ned Summers rushed up to a small boy standing on the field. All out of breath from playing, he gasped:

"Run to Bob Terbell's room. Know where it is? All right. Bring the pennant hanging on the mantel. Bring it here as fast as you can scamper."

As the players took their positions for the second half Bob Terbell, bending over with his head between his knees, glanced casually at the grandstand.

Through the space he saw a white-lettered pennant floating in the breeze. Without thought of the game he stood erect, just as the signal was to be given. On a pretense of adjusting his noseguard, he stood for a minute while the signal was held.

"X-Y-Z-11-3!" called the quarterback, as Bob resumed his position. The fight for the pigskin was on.

Bob played football as well as the

second half as he had played badly in the first, and all because he saw a face behind the flying pennant.

"But you played so much better in the last half, Bob," said Lourene, as she put a little hand in the two big ones in the deserted grandstand. Two other thoughtful young persons were walking in an opposite direction. "You saved the day."

"No; you did it," replied Bob, looking ridiculously happy and forgetting to release the hand he held. "You won the game. But for the sight of your face, so unlooked for, behind that pennant, I should have fumbled through the whole game. A part of my anatomy was wanting."

And a long time afterward, when he had taken off his football clothes and had regained some of his equanimity, he said, "Do you suppose, dear, that you could help me win the battle of life as you did the game to-day? You can—but will you?"

"If it is so easily won, Bob," she said.

And they began on the second half of the game.—Dorothy Blackmore in Boston Globe.

WHY IT DIDN'T WORK.

Bullheadedness of Millionaire Backer Spoiled Good Thing.

"When I was young," remarked the seedy man, "I was an inventor. And one day when I had the disease badly, I invented a machine which I called 'Mother, dear,' because it would call you early. It was a clockwork arrangement which was meant to stand by your bedside, and at whatever time in the morning it was fixed for it would drag you out of bed and force you into your clothes. There were a lot of other things attached to it as well, such as a machine which would black your boots and an arrangement for making a cup of coffee and frying bacon, and so on. Well, I got it all completed at last, and it worked beautifully; and then I got a millionaire to come and look at it, so that he might find the capital to put it on the market."

"Well," said the listener, breaking in upon the silence, "didn't it work?"

"Yes," replied the inventor sadly; "it worked very well. But that idiot of a millionaire insisted on trying it himself; and he laid down on the bed the wrong way for the machine, so that it dragged him out the wrong way up, and the boot-brushing apparatus got to work on the top of his head, while the other end poured hot coffee down the leg of his trousers, and when he finally got free, he broke up my humble little home with the patent. That discouraged me, and I haven't invented anything since. Ah-h!"

She Wanted to Know.

Among the fads of the Hon. Benjamin F. Tracy at his fine farm in Tioga county was the breeding of pigs which had something more than a local reputation as pork producers, so that fancy prices were paid for hams and bacon from "the Tracy hogs."

One day a party of young people were shown around the place, a fair bud being the ex-secretary's companion. She seemed intensely interested in the animals, so much so that Mr. Tracy asked her about it.

"Well, I'm very curious you know, and I'm eager to find out which one of the famous Tracy hogs it is that furnishes the boneless bacon!"—New York Times.

To the Evening Star.

Star that brings home the bee,
And sets the weary laborer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as here we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard
And songs when toll is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstrid'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on their muse:
Their remembrance in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be given
By absence from the heart.

—Thomas Campbell.

An Especially Fast Horse.

Harris Cohen, the Baxter street clothier, whose recent death revealed the fact that the money he had made in business had all been lost in horse racing, was anything but an Irishman, yet frequently he made bulls.

One of his bulls concerned a horse he had just bought. A man said this horse was a poor one—said it could not compare with a certain animal of his own.

"Rubbish!" Cohen retorted. "Rubbish! Why that horse of mine can stand still faster than yours can gallop."—New York Tribune.

As It Was Printed.

There is one woman poet in New York who will read proof carefully until the edge of a recent error wears off. She spent two days on a touching poem, the pivotal line of which read:

My soul is a lighthouse keeper.
When the printer finished with it the line read:
My soul is a light housekeeper.

ONE OF THE LARGEST IRRIGATING CANALS IN THE WORLD.

A Project of the State of Idaho.

On the west side of the Snake river in Idaho, between Blackfoot and American Falls, there is being constructed by the American Falls Canal & Power company, under a contract with the state of Idaho, an irrigating canal 85 feet wide and 60 miles long. When finished, this canal will be one of the largest and most perfect irrigating systems in the world. By its means a valley of 100,000 acres of the most fertile and productive fruit and farm land in America will be reclaimed.

The climate of this valley is ideal. Cyclones, hot winds, floods or destructive storms have never been known.

Grain, grass, vegetables and all varieties of fruit grow in abundance. A healthful climate, a sure crop, a heavy yield, high prices and a ready market, are features of this country.

Ten thousand acres of this rich land are now ready for irrigation and settlement. Purchase tickets to Blackfoot via Oregon Short Line Railway Co.

For full information concerning land, water rights, low prices and easy terms, write,
EVANS, CURTIS & SWEET CO.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

An artist draws a picture, an equine draws a dray; the man who marries draws a blank, sometimes, we've heard them say; a thirsty man draws water, a blossom draws the bee; if I can only draw my pay, that's good enough for me.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honest in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio; WARDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"My dear sir," began the bunco man, "your face strikes me as being familiar." "So?" coldly replied the intelligent farmer. "My first most generally strikes folks for being that way."

Superior quality and extra quantity must win. This is why Defiance Starch is taking the place of all others.

"Did you see the great spectacle at the cathedral?" "No, I had left my spectacles at home."

A smile of satisfaction rose with one of Baxter's "Bullhead" 5-cent cigars.

When they first became intimate she called him Charlie; but when she began to call him "Mr.," he knew he had missed her.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Brome Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

First Mosquito—My gracious, you look as if you were drunk last night! Second Mosquito—I was. It was so dark that I bit old Mr. Soaker by mistake.

If you have smoked a Bullhead 5-cent cigar you know how good they are; if you have not, better try one.

"Aren't you afraid of trusts?" asked the public-spirited man. "I used to be," answered Senator Sorghum, "but I have found out that if a man is polite and industrious, a trust is a right good employer."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

"I don't see anything about that dog to make her cough." "Well, I do," she licked the plates so clean they don't need any washing."

The secret of the popularity of Baxter's "Bullhead" 5-cent cigar is revealed in one word—"Quality."

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Defiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

After the average man strikes it rich it keeps him busy trying to forget his old acquaintances.

"It beats all" how good a cigar you can buy for 5 cents if you buy the right brand. Try a "Bullhead."

"I understand you have just returned from the halls of legislation." "What said I made any haul?"

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JONES P. BOWEN, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 18, 1900.

His best girl was a Kodak fiend, and when he fell on his knees to propose she shouted: "Don't move! I want to get my camera!"

The mildest tobacco that grows is used in the make-up of Baxter's Bullhead 5-cent cigar. Try one and see.

Concert often gets a small man into a large hole.

EVERY SHOOTER WHO SHOTS



AMMUNITION

has a feeling of confidence in his cartridges. They don't misfire and always shoot where you aim.

Tell your dealer U. M. C. when he asks "What kind?"

Send for catalog.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Bridgeport, Conn.



CATARRH—HAY FEVER and COLD in the HEAD positively relieved and CURED by this wonderfully cleansing—antiseptic—and Healing Specific. Price 25 and 50 cts. Ask your druggist.

FREE TO WOMEN!



To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ills, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful for cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 5c cents, large box, Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE E. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

214 Columbus Ave.

Associated with Thompson's Eye Water

THERE'S NO USE ARGUING

Defiance Starch is the very best Starch made.

It's a fact.

Hundreds will testify to it.

Try it once yourself.

We guarantee satisfaction or money back.

You can't lose.

Defiance Starch is absolutely free from chemicals.

It makes the clothes look beautiful and will not rot them.

Get it of your grocer.

16 ounces for 10 cents—one-third more than you get of any other brand.

THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO.,
OMAHA, NEB.



Gazing pensively at the mantelpiece, the water, intending to return and apologize for some things I said. When I was nicely out in the middle the wind went down and left me lulled two miles from shore, my sails empty and no sign of an oar."

"Well?" asked Ned, leaning against the mantelpiece and becoming interested.

"Well! It wasn't well at all," cor-